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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

How much of Godhood did it take—
What purging epochs had to pass
Ere I was fit for leaf and lake
And worthy of the patient grass?

What mighty travails must have been,
What ages must have molded me
Ere I was raised and made akin
To dawn, the daisy and the sea?

In what great struggles was I felled,
In what lines had I labored long
Ere I was given a world that held
A meadow, butterflies and song?

But oh, what cleansings and what fears
What countless raisings from the dead,
Ere I could see Her, touched with tears,
Pillow the little, weary head!

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1912. NUMBER 5.

THE CRY.

Whenever there is silence around me,
By day or by night,
I am startled by the cry:
"Take me down from the Cross."
The first time I heard it,
I went out and searched,
Till I found a man in the throes of crucifixion,
And I said: "I will take you down."
And I tried to take the nails out of his feet.
But he said: "Let be;
For I cannot be taken down,
Till every man, every woman and every child
Come together to take me down."
And I said: "But I cannot bear your cry—What can I do?"
And he said: "Go about the world,
Telling everyone you meet:
"There is a Man on the Cross."

—*Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne.*

A journal that should be better known and more widely read in this country is the *Christian Commonwealth,* of London, organ of the League of Liberal Christian Churches in England. Ably edited by George Dawson, it stands as a champion of all progressive movements in religion and social ethics, with a catholicity of outlook and sympathy which one rarely finds in American religious journalism. It publishes a weekly sermon by R. J. Campbell, a column of fresh, suggestive comment by his assistant, Mr. Lewis, and a page of personal experimental inquiry, conducted by W. R. Orchard—a man of singular spiritual insight and literary charm. Philip Snowden furnishes a letter each week on political matters as related to the spiritual life. Altogether, it is one of the richest, most suggestive and valuable papers in the religious field, and deserves a wider reading in this country. J. N.

It is indeed good to have an adequate and satisfying life-story of "Dr. McLaren of Manchester," written with such taste and skill and insight by his sister-in-law, E. T. McLaren. He was a noble and stately preacher, the Lord Tennyson of the pulpit, and the *London Times* remarked when he died: "If some reverent hand should compile the testimonies of his influence which might be gathered from every quarter of the world, a book would be produced of abiding spiritual value." Such a book has now been produced; and it is a record suggestive of many reflections, the more so as the McLaren type of preacher seems to be vanishing. He was a modest, retiring man, living a dedicated life, devoting his great powers almost exclusively to the pulpit; his spiritual insight hardly more remarkable than his literary style, which was a miracle of two generations. Some of his sermons rank among the historic utterances of the Christian pulpit. The life of the man, simple to austerity, yet sweetly human, softened by many sorrows yet full of wise hope, lights up like an altar lamp the teachings of his words. After all, what is better than a noble life sincerely spent in behalf of high and enduring ends? J. N.

'Tis a most challenging book which Dr. Holmes, our Unity colleague, sends forth under the title "The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church." The difference in point of view between the author and his distinguished predecessor may be taken to register how far religious thought has moved, and in what direction. Dr. Holmes writes with lucidity and earnestness, and, granted his thesis, in a most convincing manner. He dedicates his essay to "the glorious memory of Theodore Parker," though happily he does not share Parker's apparently congenital defect of saying the right thing in the wrong way. Some of his readers, who hold to the evolutionary function of the ancient church, will no doubt think that he says the wrong thing in the right way. None the less, it is a book to be reckoned with for its grasp of facts, its large outlook, its forthright style, and its prophetic fire.

Along with Dr. Holmes' book one should read "The Church and the Age," by W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, London, containing a series of lectures, for delivering which the author was dubbed "the gloomy dean" by the London reporters. No reactionary, no mere purveyor of barren criticism, Dr. Inge does analyze the Spirit of the Age and finds that it contains, in philosophy and science, much that is confused, doubtful, shifting, and in politics and sociology many shams labeled with high-sounding catchwords. His chapter on the temptations of the church, symbolized by the temptations of Christ, is one of the keenest and sanest pieces of writing of recent days. Taken together, the two books will give the reader two different points of view with equal clearness and candor.

J. N.

That a church, which is a collection of individuals—some wise, some ignorant, all not a little baffled—should profess that it possesses a truth which no single human soul composing it possesses, is, to say the least, strange. That the people, who are folks like ourselves, should imagine that, huddled together, they have a wisdom to which no one of them has attained, is also strange. Both of these claims would appear to be manifest and pitiable absurdities, and yet they underlie much of our religious and political thinking, especially the endless referenda whereby appeal is made to busy and baffled multitudes to make up for an obvious lack of leadership. To this end *Harper's Weekly* has some pertinent remarks:

"There is nothing intrinsically sacred about the people, except that they are the great embodiment of human life, for which and in which lies the chief work of man on earth. The people may be right or wrong, and are apt to be wrong. He helps them who leads them when they are right and stems them when they are wrong. But they are not sacred, to be obeyed willy nilly. Neither are constitutions sacred, to be bowed down to. What is sacred is Truth. Who can find it and follow it, who knows it and can perceive and teach it—he is the enviable man, he is the true leader; admirable not for himself, but for the truth that is in him. The people are nobody's god; not even their own. We are the people. Come now, do we revere ourselves so vastly? These gentlemen who stand on stumps and tell us that we are all there is—do we bring away so profound an opinion of their wisdom? More likely we say in our hearts: Come, come; stop fooling with us and give us your best. Wherein you know better than we do, let us know what you know. We are nothing if not teachable. Wherein we seem to want what is not right, teach us wherein it is not right. To want what is right and get it is our hope. To want what is wrong and get it is destruction. Better, far better, to want what is right and struggle toward it, even though it is denied us. Tell us, not what we want, but what we ought to want. That is the true service. That is what we need to know."

J. N.

Many have been puzzled to know why the Mexican revolution should flare up again, now that Diaz is gone. More than one writer speaks of it as "the Mexican mystery." But to one familiar with conditions in Mexico it is no mystery at all. Those who imagined that it was a case of the Outs wanting to get In, know little of the facts, and less of the leaders of the movement. At bottom it was a question of the land—a demand for a redivision of the land in behalf of the small holder. Because Maredo has not carried out this policy, the men who followed him, especially Zapata, the land reformer of Morelos, turn against him. By force, chicanery and hard bargains, the proprietors of the great haciendas absorbed the lands of many of their poor neighbors, and the demand is for the reinstatement of the small holder. Small holdings are now the exception in Mexico, which was not the case immediately after the separation from Spain in 1820. Then church lands were divided into small allotments. and an era of prosperity followed. So it is essentially an agrarian problem, one of the most persistent and difficult to solve.

J. N.

Is religion a real factor in the social and economic development of the community or the world, or is it merely for esthetic and emotional gratification—a thing to be labeled "for internal use only?" That is the question put by Prof. Carver, of Harvard College, in an essay on "The Religion Worth Having," and he answers it by saying that unless a religion actually does something it is not worth having. That religion is best, he holds, which acts most powerfully as a spur to energy, and directs that energy most productively, righteousness and productivity being synonymous in his view. Hence he thinks well of the canny Yankee in the Mark Twain story, who harnessed the swaying ascetic and used his religious motions to run a sewing machine. The only kind of faith that can ever remove mountains, he assures us, is faith in the calculability of Divine laws, and the willingness to venture out in obedience to them. Naturally the conception of the church militant to which his conclusions lead is a new crusade rescuing the farms, shops, business and affairs of state from the hands of the unproductive, who, in this view, are the immoral, the un-Christian. It is an essay to make one think, as much for what it does not say as for what it says with such directness of aim and freshness of illustration. It is rather odd to have a writer, discussing the religion worth having, tell us that while he believes in spiritual forces and the communion of the human with the Divine, these considerations do not fall within the scope of his essay.

J. N.

Editorial Wanderings

Here I am hid away up among the Pennsylvanian mountains, scores of miles away from any place you ever heard of. High, wooded hills all around a sunny-fronted, long-galleried sanatorium, occupied by a hundred or less quiet, pale, semi-invalids, mostly women, a splendid, noisy mountain stream, and a beautiful lawn, which even now is green in front.

I never heard of this place before I started for it. But I took it on faith. A ticket agent suggested it as a place to spend a quiet week-end where there would be no audiences, women's clubs, high schools or newspaper men to solicit speeches or interviews. And when I arrived, lo, and behold! it is the dream-place that has haunted me in moments of weariness these many years. I had forgoteen where I had seen it, indeed I sometimes doubted if I had ever seen it. Was it in Tennessee, Vermont, in Texas, or Oregon? I knew not. But here it is as photographed in the shy corners of my memory. A place obscured by nature and fenced in by hills. A place where mind and body may take off their shoes and coat and lie down in the middle of the day and do nothing at all, with no molesting conscience to prick them. I have come to my own for just three short days while here. Perhaps this place would grow tiresome after a while, but not until the tired feeling is gone and here in the last days of March, it is for me Lotus land, where it is always afternoon.

Next Monday I will again be "on the road," coming in on the home stretch. There will be two more lectures, in the Unitarian Church at Erie, Pa., then by night train to Chicago. If the railroads do not trick me, true to the schedule of so many, many years, I will conduct the Good Friday Memorial service at All Souls Church and meet my faithful, long-suffering, patient and loving people at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on Easter morning, the day for tender memories, high hopes and new undertakings.

The March "Escape" for 1912 carried me as far away as Jacksonville, Florida, where I lectured three times under the auspices of a Jewish "Charity Guild." My most effective manager was a little Jewess raised at the heart of Rabbinical Judaism, schooled at the feet of the great tone-masters which gave her masterful control of the heavenly violin. She was courted and won at the tables of Herbert Spencer, Huxley *et al* and now she is, as every emancipated Jew should be, a cosmopolitan, loving Judaism the more for the Universalism it emphasizes and the race the more for the conventional and theological provincialism it is enabled to leave behind.

At Jacksonville I had the good luck to run into a Unitarian round-up of missionaries. I heard Dr. Eliot, president of the A. U. A., preach an interesting sermon in the very beautiful, little, new Unitarian Church, Wednesday; lunched with the president and his fellow missionary, Mr. VanNess, of Boston, and the working pastor of Charleston, S. C., the minister of the home church at Jacksonville, and the missionary in the widernesses of Florida and Georgia, Rev. Mr. McHale, of whom I will have more to say. All the clerics, including accidentals from Chicago, were welcomed right royally by the laymen and laywomen of the parish and their friends in a delightful evening sociable.

At Savannah, Georgia, there were three lectures in the Memorial Chapel in connection with the Jewish Synagogue, a Friday night sermon in the synagogue, a Sunday night sermon to a large and impressive audience of colored people in the Congregational Church of Savannah (colored). I do not remember ever having addressed an audience of colored people so marked by refinement, culture and public spirit. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Cash, a graduate of Oberlin College, is doing high work. The next day I addressed the students of one of the select schools of Savannah, where the sons of the aristocracy of the city were in evidence, and neither pole of the social world seemed to resent the connecting link.

At Columbus, Georgia, I fulfilled the broken engagement of a year ago and visited the great Chatahoochee dam, one of the largest in the East, now running the "largest cotton mill in the world," so runs the claim. Ninety-five per cent of the operatives, my informant said, was made up of the native Georgians, the poor whites of the mountains. It was a depressing visit, as we went in and out of the cottages of the operatives, how anaemic, prematurely old and inadequate to life they all seemed. "The cotton mills of the South are an unquestioned calamity to the inhabitants thereof" was the verdict of an intelligent and sympathetic resident.

At Charleston, S. C. I revived the pleasant acquaintance of a year ago. There was a Thursday lecture, a sermon on Sunday evening in the Unitarian Church and a Sunday evening lecture before *The Peoples Forum,* that is one of the hopeful things in Charleston. This visit to the proud conservative city was made memorable by visits to the colored public schools which, a conspicuous exception in the South, are taught by white native teachers of high grade and they are enthusiastic in their work and the city is proud of their achievements and, as things are, generous in their support.

Lastly came Wheeling, W. Va., a city yet blazing with the devastating fire kindled by "Billy Sunday" who was still at it. The "converts" were told in four figures and the collections in five figures. It is a consolation to think that the multitude took "Billy" for the best there is in him, and that their standards of decent speech, good English and their estimate of the Almighty, let us hope, was much higher than that exemplified and expounded by this sulphuric revivalist. The hope for a more liberal

interpretation of Providence and a more charitable and scientific estimate of humanity in Wheeling is centered in the Jewish Rabbi and the Unitarian minister recently come among them. Both of these young men are men of high ideals, genuine culture, brothers in thought and aspiration. They must and they will stand together if the highest interest of the city and the religion they profess are to be conserved.

This itinerary, if successfully completed, will represent some seventeen addresses in about thirty days. The message, to the delivery of which I gave what strength and all the heart I have, was the same old message of UNITY for the promulgation of which it came into the world: "The Call of the City," "The Gospel of the Multitude," "The Cost of a Fool," "Who are the Cultured?" the "Message of Charles Dickens," which in this centennial year was forced to the front, "The Three R's" or "A Plea for the Better Education"—all represented the same hope, an effort to enlarge fellowship, increase brotherhood, to rationalize religion and to religionize reason.

Before this word, written in the hills, reaches our readers, the writer will be at the old stand in the city of the prairies. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

In the Land of Maple Sugar.
March 30, 1912.

Yesterday's Enemy, Today's Friend

As the battle for industrial democracy, which has now been definitely joined between capital and labor, becomes daily more uncompromising and terrible in its aspects, it is almost amusing to see how speedily the enemy of yesterday is becoming the friend of today. Harder and harder pressed every hour, discovering with amazement that the laboring classes are everywhere awakening to self-consciousness and mean to take possession by fair means or foul of the whole fabric of civilization, and seeing with frightened gaze the inevitable doom of its power, capitalism seems to be ready to call anybody friend who is willing to spare the death-blow and give it life on any terms. A few years ago the old-line trade union was regarded as an enemy to be fought to a finish, as it still is to the antediluvian Manufacturers' Association and to old "Doc" Post, of Postum fame. But now that trade unionism threatens to be wholly displaced in favor of industrial unionism, the ordinary strike by syndicalism, and the peace of collective bargaining by the open warfare of the class struggle, a change has suddenly come over the whole situation. This was beautifully illustrated in the recent strike in Lawrence, where the Industrial Workers of the World, with their principles of "direct action" were in command, to the undisguised horror of the employers. Finding themselves up against a strike such as they had never encountered before—confronted by an army of strikers which was organized on a war basis, led by fearless and uncompromising leaders, and supported by the resources of a nation of workers determined to "rule or ruin"—these employers turned for help—of all places in the world!—to John Golden and the American Federation of Labor. Was ever such a spectacle seen before? The trade unionist, with his easy doctrine that the interests of capital and labor are identical, is suddenly discovered to be a friend and brother; and behold, the capitalist falls on his neck and proceeds to make up in present devotion what has been lost in past misunderstanding! It is a pity, to say the least, that the essentially conserving and constructive character of the trade union movement was not recognized a generation ago, and an alliance sought before it was too late. The signs multiply that the day for such an alliance is past—as witness the ridiculous Civic Federation!—and that the class struggle, forced far more by the brutality and conceit of capital than by the lust of labor, is with us to the bitter end!

In the face of such a development as this is it not a propitious time to bid the capitalist to recognize today, before it is again too late, the essentially conserving and constructive character of political Socialism? The fight is now on in the Socialist movement between the "direct actionists" on the one hand, and the "political actionists" on the other. The former faction is represented by a leader like "Big Bill" Haywood, a man of enormous physical and mental power, magnetic, resourceful, relentless, who believes that the class struggle is a war in a literal sense of that word, and must be fought out therefore, with "fire and sword." The other faction is represented by men like Morris Hilquit and John Spargo, who believe just as fully in the class struggle as Haywood does, but who contend that this struggle must be fought and won with ballots rather than with bullets. The latter party would seem to be the stronger today, just as trade-unionism seemed to be stronger than syndicalism a decade ago. But ceaseless opposition, cruel tyranny and unbridled lust of power, may be counted upon to do their perfect work in this case as in the other; and the recent election of Haywood to the Executive Committee of the Socialist party, in the face of the opposition of the more conservative leaders, to the overwhelming appeal to the imagination of the laboring man contained in

the success of the Lawrence strike which was run on "direct action" principles, and the renewed success of the Industrial Workers of the World in dominating the present situation in Paterson, N. J., and the surrounding mill towns, are full of significance for the future. If Haywood and his party gain the throne, it takes but little imagination to forecast what the character of the class struggle will be in the future; and that Haywood and his party will gain the throne is as certain as the rising of tomorrow's sun, if capitalism persists in taking the same stupid attitude toward political Socialism today that it took toward trade-unionism yesterday. And when that moment comes, it is safe to prophesy that we shall be called upon to witness all over again the sickening spectacle of capital appealing for aid to those whom it has formerly derided, vilified, and persecuted. Why not acknowledge the truth of things before it is too late? Why not see that the age of individualism is past and the age of socialization come? Why not recognize that the present condition of chaos and confusion, brutality and barbarism, is impossible, that Socialism points one way out, and to that extent at least is to be welcomed? Political Socialism is essentially constructive and not destructive in its principles. It has a desire not to destroy, but only to fulfill. Nothing but blind, relentless, unbending, inhuman antagonism can drive it into the blood and fury of open revolution. At present this spirit of antagonism is rampant, and the growing power of the "direct actionists" is the inevitable result. But for this the capitalists and their respectable retainers have nobody to blame but themselves. I can see no necessary reason why, in this country, with its machinery of democratic government ever being expanded and made more efficient, our problems should not be peaceably settled in the forum and at the ballot box. The revolutions of the ancient days in this regard present no analogy to the present. But if the powers-that-be—the men who own our industries and legislatures and courts—will not have it so, the inevitable must come! Men will be free—they have never yet seen too high a price to pay for freedom—and, when the rub comes, they have never been over-choice of their weapons.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

The Church and its Function

Why are the churches losing their influence? It is because they have ignored the social question, comes the answer, quick as a flash, from religious progressives all over the land. That is the one primary concern of the day, they say. The churches must grapple with this question and take a hand in its solution or be lost!

Now this ringing call for social justice, for the rescue of the exploited and the outcast is magnificent, the finest of the signs that our spiritual vitality is returning. Our institutional work, our participation in charities, our visions of reform are prophetic of a new age. But in this new departure are we not in danger of falling into another error almost as great as the other-worldliness of the Middle Ages? May we not lose sight of our peculiar function? Have churches no unique mission in the present social upheaval; a function that sets them apart, in a class by themselves as they have stood for seventeen centuries, unapproachable and supreme?

Devine, one of our most brilliant social workers, makes a statement in his admirable little book, "Social Forces," which gives us the cue. "Social workers," he declares, "have today one aim, i. e. to make all men normal, to raise the submerged mass to the average income, housing, health, efficiency, character." And his statement is precise and comprehensive. This aim is splendid, a vision of heaven on earth beside the present injustice. What an era could be opened to mankind if every member had the modicum of opportunity! But what lies beyond this normal life? What are we to do for the half or third of our population, our farmers, business and professional people who already have it? What lies beyond the average? That, for an evolving society is the question of questions. What lies beyond physical property and even intellectual culture? Paul believed a man might gain all science, all knowledge, eloquence like that of the angels, and yet it might profit him nothing. Nay, more, we may give all our property to the poor and our body to be burned, still, unless we develop love, that priceless activity of the soul, we are nothing. Such is the truth which spiritual geniuses like Paul, Jesus, Buddha are always proclaiming. The ideal level to which they would lift society is so high that at times we can scarcely see it.

Churches have lost influence when they have forgotten that they stood not only for the normal but for the ideal, not only for physical comfort but for that inward power of the spirit which can transform even poverty and sickness into objects of glory. Churches fail when they drag down their spiritual ideals and surrender to the world. Such is the experience of history. They are saved when prophets like Saint Francis and Tolstoy recall them to their

function. Such prophets help us to remember that we are committed to a transformation of society so radical that beside it even socialism is a makeshift, an order as much beyond mere social justice as Christ is beyond Moses, i. e. the Kingdom of God.

The churches are unique in this, that of all the organizations in society they alone have dedicated themselves by the help of God to lift the average to the level of the Sermon on the Mount. The task is hard, as are all infinite undertakings. To succeed we shall need to inspire and train an army of helpers, who by the slow process of education, shall carry on in school, in home and market-place the sublime campaign. But we return to power when we are able to resume our spiritual leadership in that campaign.

ALBERT R. VAIL.

Out of the South Country

Two months' vacation in winter—and in such a winter! Think of the luxury of it for a minister! And this minister couldn't have had it but for a shortness in the church treasury. And yet there are those who say an evil works no good to anybody: how is this? Virtually used up by the first arctic onset, I beat a hasty, unceremonious retreat, with no definite idea whither save to get further from the North Pole; finally taking the course of Sherman's army and marching through Georgia.

The Cotton States since the Civil War have made and are making great strides, at least in things material. Means of intercourse and transportation have multiplied; factories have been built and mills opened, transforming southern products and enhancing their value; waterfalls and rivers have been utilized as sources of power, and a notable increase of wealth goes on. But the outcome of all this is mostly to be seen in the towns and cities. The countryman a little way out is about where he was fifty years ago; he has the same speech, the same illiteracy, the same general appearance, much the same lack of comforts in his house, which commonly seems not to have been made to live in. It is without cellar, without underpinning, standing on posts to keep it off the ground, open underneath to all the winds of heaven. Generally several window-panes will be missing, and such of these houses as I have been in have holes in the floors through which one can reach and feed the chickens and the pigs. As though this were not ventilation enough, the doors, outside and inside, even in winter, stand open half the time, exasperating the visitor from the north who has traveled far to get away from the cold. As the children run in and out leaving every door wide open behind them, he calls to mind a saying of Josh Billings, that "if he had two boys and could teach one of them to shut a door after him, he wouldn't care whether the other learned anything or not."

I have been over night in one of the better sort of these Georgia farmhouses where, though the hearth was piled with blazing logs, a thermometer in the room, not seven feet away from the flames, read barely three degrees above freezing, and not more than ten degrees above the temperature out of doors.

In town of course the conditions are better, but there, too, the prevailing custom is to have doors and windows open a good part of the time, so that repeatedly in February I have put on my coat and gone out on the street to get warm. The majority of southern houses are not built with a view to keep the cold out. They are built and decidedly they are kept, more on the plan of an open-air school-house. However, the more one sees of the house-keeping, the more one is disposed to admit that after all it may be better so. With many a house letting the wind drive through at all hours, doubtless does more good than harm. It prevents a pestilence.

A pleasant little city is Gainesville (fifty miles N. E. of Atlanta), famed for its healthfulness. It is very orthodox, but a sojourn there is good for the body, however it may be about the soul. There on Federal ground, close up against the postoffice, stands a monument to a Confederate general. There is hardly, I think, a parallel instance. Mrs. Longstreet, the postmistress, is exerting herself to the utmost against the ruin of Tellulah Falls—the chief natural glory of Georgia—to furnish 90,000 horsepower to Atlanta. She denounces the desecration in all the leading papers of the state, through page after page, fulminating in the style of a prophet-bard, a sort of Ossian.

The most interesting, charming place that I have found to pass a few weeks is Chattanooga, for which nature to begin with, and then the events of the Civil War, and the work of commemoration carried out by the United States government, have done so much. But the beautiful city and the memorable sites around it stand out in the open and do not need to be enlarged upon here. Not the least of its attractions is its Liberal Church—called Unitarian, but more in the nature of an Ethical Culture Society —led by the genial Hal. H. Lloyd, and made up of bright and earnest people, happy in the connection, apparently of one heart and one mind. Whether it is the free atmosphere of the city that has made the church, or whether the church has reacted on the city creating this air of liberty and enlightenment, I may not say. Whichever it is, or how far soever it is one way or the other, it is good.

NEWTON MANN.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 9, 1912.

WAITING

I who have waited till today
And still must wait,
I who have waited till today,
Shall I not wait?
And yet—I find it hard to say
That I will wait.
For I, who waited for so long
And still must wait,
Am sighing in my lines of song
The while I wait.

Unity Manse, Humboldt, Iowa.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

THE PULPIT

President Taft's Arbitration Treaties—Afterwards

By Edwin D. Mead.

In his address at the opening of the National Peace Congress in New York, in 1907, Mr. Root, then Secretary of State, urging that the Second Hague Conference, which was then about to meet, should make an earnest effort for the united action by the great powers to secure the limitation of armaments, said: "The effort may fail in this Conference, as it failed in the first; but if it fails, one more step will have been taken toward ultimate success. Long-continued and persistent effort is always necessary to bring mankind into conformity with great ideals; every great advance that civilization has made on its road from savagery has been upon stepping-stones of failure; and a good fight bravely lost is always a victory." This is the feeling which steadily controls the world's peace party everywhere, the fighters in the good fight for international justice and fraternity. Whatever the outcome of any single struggle, there is no doubt as to the outcome of the campaign. In the words of Sidney, the cause is the cause of God and is invincible. No temporary check is a signal for retreat, but simply another signal for advance.

When the Senate mutilated as it did the arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France, depriving them of their full significance and scope, President Taft, to whom, as to every other servant of the cause, the action was such a bitter disappointment, simply but firmly declared, "We must begin all over again." This is what will be done. When and how it will be done, events must decide. If President Taft is renominated next summer, he will doubtless make this a campaign issue. If he is reelected next autumn, he will doubtless submit the treaties to the Senate again in improved and completer form, reinforced by new expression of popular approval. That the American people today are overwhelmingly behind the president in this thing, and have been ever since he proposed the treaties more than a year ago, I have no doubt whatever. We have read public declarations by enemies of the treaties and of the peace cause, since the Senate's action, denying this fact and asserting that the Senate's action was a simple response to public sentiment against Mr. Taft's position, and that contrary expressions of public opinion were "manufactured" by little groups of visionaries. The unanimous action of the directors of the Massachusetts Board of Trade and the Chambers of Commerce of Boston, Worcester, Springfield and other Massachusetts cities is indicative of the kind of "visionaries" who have supported the president in my own Commonwealth, and what is true in Massachusetts is, I believe, hardly less true in every state in the Union. The American people, the business men, the working men, the men of affairs, as well as the teachers and preachers, are a nobler and a better people, vastly farther advanced in international sentiment, than their critics divine or great groups of their senators recognize; and if this has not been found out today, it will be found out tomorrow.

Meantime the critics of the president and the enemies of the peace cause make a great mistake in exulting exuberantly over what they call "the Senate's slaughter of the arbitration treaties." The treaties were not slaughtered. The amendments adopted were indeed serious mutilations, cutting out cardinal features and so weakening their advanced position that President Taft will doubtless do right in not submitting them to Great Britain and France for ratification in their amended form. Something distinctly better can probably be got by delay. But the present treaties, when the Senate had done its worst to them, are in decided and important respects far ahead of our existing treaties with Great Britain and France. When Senator Lodge and other senators, after the mutilations for which some of them were themselves responsible, declared that the amended treaties were not worth the paper they were written on, they declared what is not true. If the treaties had originally contemplated only what in their amended form they actually achieve, their approval by the Senate would have registered a marked advance in the arbitration movement; the result is disappointing only when measured by the demand. Personally I doubt whether a Joint Commission would ever have been called into existence to decide whether a case was justiciable according to the definition of the treaty, in the inability of the United States and Great Britain or France to agree upon that point themselves; the contingency seems to me so remote as to make discussion of it almost academic, heartily as I endorse the principle formulated in the much debated third clause of Article III. For all other purposes the provision for Joint Commission of Inquiry remains intact; and as for the rest, it should simply be said that there is perhaps not a single subject in the list of subjects enumerated in Senator Bacon's amendment, which in any case would come under the provisions of the treaty according to its own definition of its scope. If Senator Root's simple resolution of ratification had been adopted, it would substantially have covered this whole ground, even if the treaties' own definitions did not cover it. But the Root resolution covered the ground in one way, and the Bacon amendment covered it in another; and it is in this difference that the damage lies. The Senate's vote of 76 to 3, by which it ratified the treaties after the amendments, was the expression of its feeling that the treaties thus amended were of no account, "not worth the paper they were written on," and that the enemies of the president's policy and purpose might as freely vote for them as against them. The effect of the clumsy and offensive amendments upon the popular psychology would certainly be fatal, more even with the French and English people, not informed on these details, than with our own; and as the moral effect of such conventions is quite as potent as their legal effect, President Taft is doubtless right in waiting for treaties of better form. I believe that jurists will agree that Senator Bacon's amendment does not materially change

the original status, although no such form as this can be made a model for a nation aiming to lead in arbitration to propose to other nations. Conceding all that we must, the outcome in the Senate is not, speaking strictly, one of Mr. Root's "good fights bravely lost." The fight was not lost any more than the battle of Bunker Hill was lost, although it left the good fighters in bad position and bad form. President Taft is wise in waiting for his Dorchester Heights; but if he chose to submit the treaties as they now stand to Great Britain and France for ratification, he would be fully justified in doing it, and the treaties would represent a marked victory for the general cause.

Lord Weardale, the president of the Interparliamentary Union, said when the news of the unhappy outcome reached him in London: "The Senate has definitely struck a blow at the whole position of leadership in advancing arbitration which the United States took when President Taft boldly proposed the draft of a convention which, though negotiated with Great Britain and France, was open to all other powers. I shall be surprised if the American people do not shortly realize the unfortunate circumstances which have defeated the great civilizing purpose on which I have not a doubt the great majority of them have been anxiously intent." Lord Weardale ascribes the defeat of President Taft's purpose to Mr. Roosevelt. "Mr. Roosevelt's personal amibtions," he said, "led him so far in his opposition to this treaty as to make one ask on what grounds he was ever the recipient of the Nobel peace prize." This latter question has been asked by many besides Lord Weardale—although it would be narrow and ungrateful for international workers not to remember and warmly recognize always Mr. Roosevelt's distinct services in connection with the Portsmouth treaty, the Venezuela arbitrations, and the calling of the Second Hague Conference. But Mr. Roosevelt's opposition was but one of the unfortunate circumstances which have defeated "the great civilizing purpose on which the great majority of the American people have been anxiously intent."

It was partisanship, cheap politics, the desire to thwart President Taft and hurt his prestige in this presidential year, on the part of men willing to place party advantages before considerations of national honor and human progress—it was this, plus the hostile influence of two or three relentless individuals, that mutilated the treaties whose proposal had been hailed with such pride and satisfaction by the American people and awakened such high hope and expectations among the people of Europe and the world. "The Democrats," we read in the Washington despatches, "almost solidly voted to strike out the critical clause, and the Roosevelt Republicans, with whom rested the balance of power, cast their vote with the Democrats. Mr. Lodge declared the other day that during the fourteen years that he had been a member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, he had never seen party politics introduced there into a question affecting our foreign relations. We were very glad to hear it; but it would be foolish for anybody to maintain for a moment, with the record of the vote before us, that the division in the Senate on the treaties was not essentially on party lines—and I do not here discuss how it would have been if the position of the parties toward the Executive had been reversed. The Democrats acted with practical unanimity. "The defection of the six Republicans," wrote one of the ablest and most judicial of the Washington correspondents, "four of them anti-Taft men, and one the manager of the Roosevelt campaign, killed the arbitration treaties beyond redemption, and at the same time demonstrated the incompetency of the Senate to deal with a great international subject in any other than a small political way." "This will probably do more," writes one of our foremost American jurists in a personal letter just received, "toward popular election of Senators than any other single performance of the Senate has done. I do not believe in that measure, but if it is the only way of getting rid of this type of men, I shall submit to it with a good deal of resignation."

The defection of Senator Dixon, of Montana, the Roosevelt manager, alone sufficient to defeat the third clause of Article III. The vote was 42 to 40. If Senator Dixon had voted with his fellow Republicans the motion of the Democrats to strike out that clause would have failed. "It is believed," wrote the Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican, "that he acted from information derived from Oyster Bay. He had stated beforehand that he would vote for the retention of the clause." Certain it is that on the evening following the Senate's action, Senator Dixon boasted of that action as ratifying Mr. Roosevelt's principles. He forgot the course of history when he added that what Mr. Roosevelt contended for was that "the constitutional prerogatives of the Senate should not be encroached upon." This was not what Mr. Roosevelt contended for; and his quarrel with the Senate, a very hot quarrel, at the time it defeated Mr. Hay's treaties during his own administration, was precisely over what he pronounced the extravagant assertion of its prerogatives as against the Executive.

In identifying the mutilation of the treaties, however, with Mr. Roosevelt's principles, Senator Dixon is accurate. It is a little difficult for many in these days to decide just where Mr. Roosevelt appears most unpleasantly; but I venture the judgment that the chronicler will say that in nothing during the last year has he appeared at worse advantage than in his fractions and barbarous denunciation of the arbitration treaties. Barbarous, I say, for I believe that precisely so the historian will characterize the opposition today to the great cause in which President Taft has made himself so courageous and conspicuous a leader. We hear much cant at the present hour about "Progressivism." Tomorrow will pass sharp judgment on the issue between the President who has fought so strenuously to place the republic at the head of the nations in advance toward international justice and the denunciatory Colonel who has done most to wreck the high endeavors and who is reported to have declared a year ago, when there was some promise of war with Mexico, that his highest ambition was to be in the saddle again in time of war! The newspaper report, like some other newspaper reports, may be dealt with lightly or not, according to the judgment of the reader; but the unde-

niable utterances of the Colonel concerning the Mexican situation at the time were such as leave little doubt that war with Mexico would have been easy if he had then been at the helm, instead of the just and patient man who happily occupied the White House. He declared a few weeks ago that his nomination for the presidency would be "a national calamity." His bitter and inveterate opposition to President Taft's treaties has been an international calamity. Attorney General Pillsbury, in his masterly discussion of the constitutionality of the treaties, wrote: "Among our ninety-odd millions, but one voice accustomed to speak with authority is heard in dissent, and upon this question the people will hardly go for counsel to a temperamental fighting man." Yet it was his counsel which, by the hand of Senator Dixon, effected the chief mutilation of the treaties.

But for Colonel Roosevelt's influence the treaties would undoubtedly have been ratified unamended, and the workers for international justice the world over would today be rejoicing. They would also have been ratified but for the influence of Senator Lodge. No other in the Senate accomplished so much for their defeat, although in a certain official manner he appeared as sponsor for them. He doubtless accomplished far more than he himself intended; but his speech in the Senate the previous week was a fatal blow. "Senator Lodge," wrote one of our keenest journalists with true penetration, "supported the administration on the question of the arbitration treaties—with deadly effect upon the treaties." He might well have prefaced his sermon to the Senate with this round, old Testament text: "He said, art thou in health my brother? And he took him by the beard and kissed him, and smote him under the fifth rib." The Senate cared very little for his correct and harmless survey of its services for peace during past generations; but it cared a good deal for his cock-and-bull story about threatening Japanese lodgments on the coast of Mexico; and it heeded carefully his intimations that our course in Panama during Mr. Roosevelt's administration might be so viewed by an impartial commission, such as the treaty without amendment or neutralizing declaration would in his judgment make possible, as to prejudice our title there. This title must not "be dragged before any arbitral tribunal for examination and determination; and such as this he said, might happen under the last clause of Article III. My own estimate of the American people is such as makes me believe that if they have not a clear title to anything, a title that can bear the scrutiny and abide the judgment of a Hague Tribunal or any other impartial body of great and impartial jurists, then they want to know it and make good; and if they are not worthy of this estimate, then the duty of their true political leaders is to lift them to that worthiness. I am not here, however, discussing this large question; I am simply directing attention to the kind of things in Mr. Lodge's speech which really counted with the Senate and helped defeat the treaties. His speech performed much the same function for the mutilation of the treaties which Captain Hobson's perennial Japan war scare performs for the promotion of the naval appropriations upon the eve of which it so punctually appears. He was reported as much disturbed when the critical third clause was stricken out; yet the chief purpose of his speech was to strengthen suspicion of that clause, as the chief purpose of his resolution, according to his own definition, was to counteract the binding force of the clause as he interpreted it. "Under this clause, as I read it, if the High Commission of Inquiry decides that a given question which has been submitted to them for investigation is, in their judgment, arbitrable, the President and the Senate are then bound morally and in honor not to object to the special agreement which follows on the ground that the subject of that agreement is not arbitrable." He somehow seems to have hoped, as one not wishing to see an administration defeat, that the Senate would not follow out the logic of his argument; but the Senate did. In my judgment it did much better than it would have done if it had passed a resolution declaring that a clause in a treaty which morally and in honor bound the nation, should be construed as not so binding it.

"When we seek the establishment of lasting and universal peace, we meet an element more elusive, more impalpable, more difficult of conquest than time or space or air, a condition more unchanged, unchanging and unchangeable than any other in recorded history—human nature." This was Mr. Lodge's statement of the philosophy upon which he bases his policy as regards the movement for international arbitration and peace. He certainly does not apply it so severely as to argue that we should conform ourselves forever to the *status quo,* he argues from it that we must expect advance in this field to be very slow, and raises the issue especially whether such purposes and efforts as President Taft's do not demand a progress much more rapid and presuppose a humanity already much better than comports with this philosophy. He is right in thinking that the demand does not comport with the philosophy; and President Taft would tell him that the philosophy is false. Grotius, Penn, Leibnitz, Kant, Benthen, Franklin, Jefferson, Hugo, Mazzini, Cobden, Gladstone, Channing, Sumner, and the whole great company of living prophets of a better organized world, not only the party of peace, but the party of progress altogether, would emphasize the declaration. All their activities and al their hopes are based upon their confidence that there is no other philosophy so false, and that the one thing in this God's universe which has changed most in the few past millenniums which history illuminates, and which is changing fastest today, is this same human nature. Stocks and stones are always stocks and stones, and ape and tiger will always stay ape or tiger; but the nature of the bush man and the savage, the human nature revealed to us in the dawn of the historic process, is almost as different from the nature of Emerson and Lincoln and the generation of Hague Conferences as brute from lowest man. History is precisely the record of the change of human nature; and it was Emerson himself who said—and it is but another statement of the same truth—that it is the record of the decline of war.

It would be rash to say that Abraham Lincoln was a greater mind than Daniel Webster; but American human nature advanced so rapidly in the twenty years before 1860, that he became its vastly truer representative. The imperative movement for international order is at this very time describing the same course that the anti-slavery movement described in that time; it is passing from the stage of a great moral crusade to that of the most urgent and irrepressible political issue. The great senator whose seat Mr. Lodge now occupies, Charles Sumner, prepared in 1870 a powerful address upon "The Duel Between France and Germany," in which he showed that wars are but the duels of nations. In two centuries our Anglo-Saxon human nature advanced so far that while at the beginning a man who would not fight a duel for his "honor" was accounted no gentleman, at the end he was accounted no gentleman if he would; and President Taft has pointed out with power that precisely the same process is going on with nations.

Human nature is already vastly better than those believe who so define it as to justify inertia and obstruction. The demands of the man in the street, the burdened millions of Europe and America, the plain people, are so much in advance of the concessions and distrust of the politicians, that the slowness and misgivings of these, their poor esteem of present human nature, is to them incomprehensible, and they are by wholesale accusing their governments of insincerity. Even Mr. Roosevelt said at Christiania two years ago, "Granted sincerity of purpose, the great powers of the world should find no insurmountable difficulty in reaching an agreement which would put an end to the present vastly growing extravagance of expenditure on naval armaments." Granted a just and true estimate of American human nature in this year of grace, the American Senate would find no difficulty in believing with President Taft that treaties with every one of the great nations which wish for such treaties, "pledging ourselves to abide the adjudication of an international court in every issue which cannot be settled by negotiation, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money," would be absolutely safe, would be hailed with joy and pride by the overwhelming majority of our people, and would place them where they rightfully belong, in the leadership of the nations in the commanding movement of the age for the supplanting of the system of war by the system of law.

THOU TOO ART RISEN

Then I to self-hood came. Straight rolled the gloom
Like mists from my dull soul away. I heard
The inner voice triumphant: Sepulchred
Thy false delights and sordid aims. Make room
For life! For thee no more the narrow tomb
Of fear and hate and folly, Thine to gird
Thee, will and act. When Resolution stirred
Thee to thy best, when purpose broke the loom
Of thy dead years, bade thee nor shift, nor whine,
But on! through fruiting groves or ashen dearth,—
Then wert thou saved! Re-born a *man;* divine,
Ascended into heaven here in earth,
God's light thy way and thou the heav'nly sign.
Christ led, let thy life teach immortal birth.

HARRIET MORLOCK GLEASON.

Extract from a Letter

Dear Mr. Jones:

Your Dickens month was a complete success, a surprising one which no one could have predicted much as he might have loved and believed in his "Boz" of former days. It freshened my interest to the point of rejuvenation. The pageant, with its procession of 150 costumed characters, was simply stupendous. What a world of living men and women—imaginary but intensely real—it presented! Not even Shakespeare could assemble a more varied and delightful company. Your three sermon studies were quite outside the usual line, as when you dealt so slightly with the story of Little Dorrit or analysis of the characters and used the work as a textbook for the elucidation of certain old-time social problems, most of them still unsolved. Most of us had not thought of The Tale of Two Cities as another textbook in democracy, deep as its human interest is. The banquet provided more than the usual mixture of wit and wisdom which such occasions afford. The gaiety was softened with tenderness, the praise was hearty without being fulsome. Miss Walker's poem was the gem of the evening's collection. The picture evening with lantern slide exhibition of scenes from Copperfield was the only thing I missed. Every feature of the month's celebration had a humanizing effect apart from its educational value. It strengthened our belief in humanity by reviving our interest and old affection for *persons* with whom we once lived on familiar terms. It proved that we still keep and have our Dickens and gave us an opportunity to re-value him to the gain of both reader and writer. We owe you many thanks for a month of keen, unexpected enjoyment. Who comes next on the list of the dead great ones to whom we can pay post mortem honors of love and gratitude?

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

WOOD MEMORIES
(To T. B.)

You too have come the forest way
  That wound among the ancient trees
And crossed the open places gay
  With asters bending to the breeze;

And light the burden that you bore
  Along the frank and smiling road
That led you to the lonely shore
  Where Rapture's very self abode.

You too have known the many moods
    Of streams that babbled as they ran
Of far, unravished solitudes
  Beneath the primal spell of Pan;

Have halted, reverent, on a hill,
  And felt what speech cannot express—
The "incommunicable thrill"
  Of unexpected loveliness.

You too, when owls were on the wing,
  Have wakened in the windless wood
And hearkened to the murmuring
  Of waters under leafy hood;

Have heard a wakeful sparrow call,
  And seen the bees of heaven swarm,
And watched the waning firelight fall
  Upon a sleeping comrade's form.

—W. D. N. *in The Chicago Tribune.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

A WOMAN DOCTOR OF CITY ILLS

Mrs. Caroline B. Crane has the distinction of being municipal housecleaner of the United States. She created the job herself and for the past nine years has been one of the busiest women in America, and yet her position is unofficial and she never assumes a task without first being asked to do so. Frances Byers, writing for the *New York Herald*, says that Mrs. Crane has thus far investigated conditions in fifty towns and cities, North and South, East and West, and has at last got around to New York. Her story is given as follows:

Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Mich., the woman who has undertaken the stupendous task of cleaning up the various departments of city government throughout the United States, has had an interesting career, and her experiences as a newspaper reporter, editor, teacher, and minister of the Unitarian Church, make her peculiarly fitted to hold the unique position she now occupies in the municipal affairs of our country. Mrs. Crane was born in Hudson, Wis., in 1858, and received her early education in that state. Later she became a student at Chicago University, and was graduated from that institution. After leaving college, she taught for a short time and then became a reporter on the *Minneapolis Tribune* and later was made assistant city editor of that paper—as she says herself, "a unique position for a woman in those days, when women in newspaper work were the exception."

"Four years of journalism were enough for me," she said, in speaking of this period in her career, "and I decided to study for the ministry, believing it to be a wider field of endeavor." Thus she became an ordained minister of the Unitarian Church and was called to be pastor of All Souls' Church, Sioux Falls, S. D. From there she went to the First Unitarian Church of Kalamazoo, and after filling that pulpit for several years, resigned in 1893, and organized and built the new creedless institution, the People's Church. This was the church made famous by the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, who visited it many times, and who said that it was the only church in this country that he could take any interest in or attend.

The beginning of her work for cleaner and more healthful cities, is described in Mrs. Crane's own words. She says:

"First, I personally conducted a course of investigation for our state in the various cities, beginning with Kalamazoo, in regard to the meat, milk, water, and other supplies. Unlike many club workers, I wasn't satisfied with simply reading about these things. I wanted to see the conditions for myself, and therefore began a thorough investigation of our dairies and slaughterhouses. I found conditions very bad, but let me say right here, no worse than I afterward found in other states and cities. I then reported to the city council, but nothing was done, and I decided that a state law was needed to control these conditions, and with the aid of several able men and women interested in the city's welfare, I drafted a law that would enable the cities of the state to regulate all slaughter houses, meat markets, and dairies, according to the provisions of the law which we framed up and brought before the state legislature. The law was passed with great difficulty. It was defeated upon the first presentation and vote, and then I was invited to go before the legislature and speak in behalf of the bill. I went to Lansing, spoke from the floor of the house, and the bill was carried by a vote of 66 to 19. This was in 1903. It was indeed a victory," exclaimed Mrs. Crane, her eyes kindling with enthusiasm at the recollection, "and the day the law passed, so widespread was the interest it created, the mayor of Saginaw telegraphed me 'to come over into Macedonia and help them' and advise the officials of Saginaw how to improve the management of their civic departments. Needless to say, I went and helped the city officials to draft their meat inspection ordinance under the new law. This was the first time I was called out of my own city to do investigative work. Next I began investigating the almshouses and jails of the state. In these institutions, the worst faults were an entire lack of nursing and insufficient medical attendance. To study and remedy these conditions, a joint committee of club women and trained nurses was formed. As chairman, I reported the results of the committee's investigations to the State Board of Charities and Correction, and much has consequently been done throughout the entire country."

After that, Mrs. Crane went to Kalamazoo and directed drastic reforms in the city system of street cleaning.

But Michigan was too small for such a woman. Other states began to call for her services. As she told the interviewer:

"Gradually I have been asked by the boards and organizations of other cities to visit them, investigate their conditions, make a public report, and advise them what to do to remedy matters. Sometimes a state asks for my services and again it is only one city. Before I begin my work of investigation, reporting and prescribing, as it might be called, I make a thorough study of the charter or the municipal code of the place to which I am going. This requires many days and more often weeks of careful study and concentration, as you can readily see.

"For instance, I was asked by the New Hampshire Board of Charities and Corrections to make a survey and investigation of their charitable and penal institutions. This work took much longer than investigating and reporting on the conditions of one city. Unless I am asked to study and prescribe for one or more specific conditions, as in the case of New Hampshire, I undertake to investigate all the problems that confront the place to which I am called and if possible offer a solution. In Nashville, Tenn., I investigated not only their water, meat, and milk supplies. but also their smoke nuisance and the problem of collecting and disposing of garbage. This of course applies to my work in other cities, for cities are much alike as to their problems, I find. In a large city I usually spend a week or ten days and my salary and expenses are paid by the organization, board, or club that has asked me to investigate. Sometimes it is a body of business men or in another place it may be the Federation of Women's Clubs. "I have been facetiously called," she said with an amused smile, "by Chicago newspapers. 'A Doctor of Cities,' and therefore I want it understood," she added, "that, like most doctors, I charge my patients according to their means. In the poorer cities of the South, for instance, I charge much less for my work than I do the prosperous Northern cities." Mrs. Crane's husband, it may be said, is a prominent physician in the state where they live, and she knows whereof she speaks.

"Last year," she went on, "I was asked to go to Rochester, N. Y., and make a sanitary survey under the auspices of the Public Health Committee, the Federation of Women's Clubs, the Council of Jewish Women, the Humane Society, the Children's Aid Society, and

the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. This," she added, "is about as near as I have ever come to New York in an official capacity," smiling. "In Rochester I inspected the drainage and sewerage, water, meat, and milk supply, street sanitation, markets and food factories, smoke nuisance, school sanitation, almshouses and jails, housing-problems, and last, but not least, their new city charter. Rochester has rightly been called a city of homes, but unless those who are interested in its welfare exercise eternal vigilance it will not continue to be a city of homes in the next decade, for Rochester has, like many other cities, a housing-problem to solve, and the city, in spite of its outward beauty, has slums, and in addition the city has now a building-code whose tenement regulations are largely a reproduction of New York's present discredited code on the same problem.

"These are some of the things that should furnish food for thought to all good citizens, not only in Rochester, but in all large cities, for I am using it only as an illustration.

"Now I hope I have given you some idea of the work I am trying to do, and which has often been misrepresented by the newspapers. Please make this point clear also," she added, "that I never go to any city to investigate conditions unless I am invited by one or more representative organizations. For it would be both presuming and impertinent, I feel, to go to a city and point out its faults and weak spots unless unanimously asked to do so by its people."—*The Literary Digest.*

THE MAXIMS OF PTAHHOTEP

A beautiful and interesting Card has been prepared as an Easter gift for the pupils of All Souls Sunday-school. The sentences are taken from an Instruction Book for the use of Egyptian Youth edited in the time of the Pyramid Builders. The size is 12½x8½ inches with richly colored border. Copies can be procured for 25 cents.

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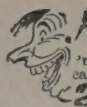

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